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The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Red-Baiters Now Pursue the Sweet Life

By Jack Anderson
and Les Whitten

The Senate's weary old Communist-chasers, the last survivors of the McCarthy era, are losing interest in the Red menace. They would rather bask in the tropical sun or gamble at Reno's roulette wheels.

In pursuit of the pleasant life, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee's top watchdogs have arranged lately to look for subversives in such vacation spots as Miami, San Juan, Mexico City and Reno. Their expenses, of course, have been charged to the taxpayers.

Chief counsel Julian G. Sourwine, once a great grizzly bear of a man, is Capitol Hill's most renowned Red-baiter. The years have whitened his hair. He has become rumpled and flabby. His fat fingers now tremble as he fidgets with his tape recorder.

Gone are the days when Sourwine struck terror in the hearts of witnesses who were hauled, willy-nilly, before the panel. In the heyday of McCarthyism, he was so powerful that he sometimes was referred to as the 97th senator. (There were 96 elected senators in those days.)

Today, Sourwine likes to putter in his yard and pamper the potted plants in his basement hideaway. He has always had a weakness for the gaming tables, so he also likes to slip away from Washington to play the roulette wheels in Reno, where his mother and son happen to live.

Although Reno is not known as a center of Communist subversion, Sourwine has stuck the taxpayers for his trips. One recent trip, for example, cost the taxpayers \$908.63 for air fare, car rental and per diem. He didn't bill the taxpayers for per diem during the days he actually spent in Reno, but he collected for his other expenses.

Sourwine's chief investigator, Alfonso Tarabochia, has also flown to Miami, San Juan and Mexico City at the taxpayers' expense. He owns property in Miami, and relatives live in Mexico City.

Between the two of them, Sourwine and Tarabochia have spent thousands on these junkets while their committee work has lapsed. Their most recent major report has nothing to do with Miami, San Juan, Mexico City or Reno. It is a report on marijuana, prepared mainly by an outside consultant.

Other recent reports have been the work largely of the FBI, CIA and Library of Congress. The staff, nevertheless, has passed off these reports as their own research.

They use code words to hide the identity of the agencies which actually produce the reports. In the routing slips and private references, the FBI is called the "Shrine" or "Shriners" and the CIA is referred to as the "Masons."

Sourwine, a tyrant in his small corner of the Senate basement, uses the committee staff to type his personal letters, including orders for bulbs for his home

garden. The staff has also typed articles which he has written anonymously for conservative publications.

One of his recent literary works, for example, was published in an anti-Communist journal called "Twin Circle." Although Sourwine worked on the article and had it typed on government time, he pocketed the \$100 fee he got for his efforts.

We found Sourwine surrounded by his potted plants in his dreary basement domain. The walls were adorned with inscribed photographs of the great, all attesting to the excellence and importance of Julian G. Sourwine.

He fixed our reporter, Rozanne Weissman, with his famous accusatory gaze. "I am not a chiseler," he announced. When she asked how his wife happened to wind up on the congressional payroll, he replied icily: "I think you're despicable."

But he conceded that he may have had his personal letters and articles typed by government clerical help. He also confessed that he played the roulette wheels both in Nevada and abroad. But he hotly insisted that he always paid off his gambling and other debts.

Tarabochia said: "There was always a reason for me going on these trips. They all relate to hearings and the obtaining of information." But he conceded he had visited his family and friends on the trips.

Meanwhile, times have

changed in the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. The white-maned, old Sourwine increasingly spends more time with a little circle of truckling applauders. It isn't like it used to be.